The Ladies' Page.

You Kissed Me

[The following exquisite poem was written in 1867, when the author was a young lady under 20. It was addressed to a certain young gentleman, the hero of the occasion portrayed. James Redpath thought so well of the poem that he once published quite an edition on white satin ribbon. Whittier, the poet, wrote of it and its young author, that she had truly mastered the secret of English verse.]

You kissed me! my head
  Dropped low on your breast,
With a feeling of shelter
  And infinite rest.
Whi ethe holy emotions
  My tongue dared not speak
Flashed up in a flame
  From my heart to my cheek.
Your arms held me fast—
  Oh, your arms were so bold!
Heart beat against heart
  In their passionate fold.
Your glances seemed drawing
  My soul through my eyes,
As the sun draws the mist
  From the sea to the skies,
Your lips clung to mine
  Till I prayed in bliss
They might never unclasp
  From the rapturous kiss.

You kissed me! my heart
  And my breath and my will,
In delirious joy,
  For a moment stood still.
Life had for me then
  No temptations, no charms,
No visions of happiness
  Outside of your arms.
And were I this instant
  An angel possessed
Of the peace and joy
  That art given the blest,
I would fling my white robes
  Unrepiningly down;
I would tear from my forehead
  Its beautiful crown,
To nestle once more
  In that haven of rest,
Your lips upon mine,
  My head on your breast.

You kissed me! my soul,
  In a bliss so divine,
Reeled and swooned like a drunken man
  Foolish with wine,
And I thought 'twere delicious
  To die there, if death
Would but come while my lips
  Were yet moist with your breath;
If my heart might grow cold
  While your arms clasped me round
In their passionate fold.
  And these were the questions
I ask day and night:
  Must lips taste no more
Such exquisite delight?
  Would you care if your breast
Were my shelter as then.
  And, if you were here,
Would you kiss me again?

Written for The National Tribune.

The Sugar Raffle.

A TALE OF NEW ENGLAND.

The people of the rural districts of New England ever regard a visit to Boston as a matter of much interest. By many it is considered as the largest city in America, and by most as the one of leading commercial importance. Such being the case, all persons who make a journey to the "Hub," on their return are subjected to the ordeal of a thousand questions, as to what they saw and did in the Yankee Metropolis.

Now, it so happened that Matt Thornton, an eccentric and well-to-do old bachelor, a week or so previous to Christmas, 1878, started for Boston, returning therefrom early on the morning of the 23d, when the station-agent and all other denizens of H—— were wrapped in profound slumber. About 10 o'clock a. m., of said day, he walked over to the post-office to secure his accumulated mail, and as soon as he entered the building he met a shower of questions, from a dozen or more of the villagers, as to what he had done in Boston.

"Well," said Matt, "I have seen the Monument, and the Hall, and the shipping, and the fine shops and mighty buildings, and lots of other things, and did considerable visiting among some relatives I had not met for years."

"An' wot did you bring back, Mister Thornton?" put in Miss Prudence Perry, a spinster of fifty-five.

"All I brought back, Aunt Prudence, was about two hundred pounds of white sugar."

"Two hundred pounds of white sugar!" muttered surly old Dan Mullen.

"Two hundred pounds of white sugar!" sharply echoed Miss Perry. "Why, Mister Thornton, wot on arth be you a wantin' two hundred pounds o' white sugar for, all to wunst, wen you kin git it jist as you want it, outen the store?"

"Why, the fact is," answered Matt, "it was the very best bargain in white sugar I ever met, and I couldn't resist taking it; no man on earth would blame me, if he saw the article. Now, Aunt Prudence, can you guess what that white sugar cost me?"

The old lady "allowed" it might have been fifteen cents. Matt shook his head. Old Dan guessed fourteen, and still Matt made the negative motion. The pair kept on surmising the cost, till finally five cents was guessed.

"Just half that sum per pound," said Matt, emphatically.

"What, two cents and a-half a pound for good, white sugar in Boston?" quickly growled old Dan Mullen. "Matt Thornton, I think you've larned to lie rapidly when you were in Boston."

Matt curbed his temper, for Daddy Mullen was past eighty and inclined to his dotage.

"Two cents and a-half a pound for good, white sugar in Boston," shrieked Miss Perry. "Wy, Mister Thornton, be you in arnest?"

"Certainly, I am, Aunt Prudence. I got the two hundred pounds for five dollars."

The old lady threw up her hands in wild astonishment, as almost breathless she exclaimed, "Wal, wal, sakes alive, ef that haint a bargain. Thar's been no sich trade as that got in Boston by our people, long's I've known 'em."

Further queries were asked and answered in regard to the sugar, before Matt left the post-office, and when he departed for home the chat continued about Thornton's wonderful purchase. Within an hour all H—— knew that Matt Thornton had brought with him from Boston two hundred pounds of white sugar, for which he paid but two cents and a-half per pound. The excitement was intense, especially at the only village store, kept by a Mr. Purdy. By 11 o'clock that store was full of people, all wanting white sugar, but there were no purchasers; for Purdy asked sixteen cents a pound, and had not Thornton bought in Boston for two cents and a-half? Didn't Purdy catch it for trying to gouge the H—— people in this way, at the very time they must have sugar for their crullers and mince pies? It was an infamous outrage.

But sugar must be had, and soon the housekeepers of H—— resolved on going for some, if not all, of Matt's sugar if they had to pay him five cents a pound for it—one hundred per cent. profit. There was a vast difference between giving five and sixteen cents. So, before 1 o'clock Thornton had numerous visitors wanting five, ten, fifteen, twenty pounds of sugar, to all whom he said that, after thinking the matter over, he had concluded to raffle it all off that evening, at ten cents a chance.

This idea took like wildfire in H——. Raffles were almost unknown there, and then how splendid it would be to win two hundred pounds of white sugar for only ten cents. Yankee cupidity was excited most deeply. Well, just as it was beginning to grow dusk the people were seen marching in the direction of Matt's house, a beautiful cottage standing on the hillside, twenty yards from the road, and surrounded by stately pines. Old and young, males and females, were met there by Matt and his old maid sister with cordiality, and conducted into the great, old fashioned parlor, where a roaring birch fire was blazing. After refreshments had been served, Matt announced that the sugar raffle would now take place. Many wanted to see the sugar, but Thornton positively refused to show it.

"You must take my word for it, that the article is of the finest quality," said he; "I'll guarantee it."

Very soon the raffle was ready. Pennies, to be shook in Squire Reed's old bell-crown hat, were used to determine the result. Matt agreed to the plan of disposing of the sugar for ten dollars, one hundred chances at ten cents a chance. In less than than half an hour all were taken, and the "throwing" began. Thornton had put down for five chances, and he threw seventy-four heads out of a possible one hundred, and this being six more than any of his visitors had secured, the host won the prize. There was much chagrin felt at the result, and the people especially demanded to see the sugar. It must be produced. There was stamping and shouting to see the sugar. So Thornton soon stepped out of the parlor, and quickly returning bore on his arm a very portly and splendidly dressed lady. You may well believe that then eyes and mouths were opened to their widest extent, and that tongues refused to speak. The people seemed dumbfounded. I think Miss Prudence Perry held her breath for nearly three minutes. But Matt broke the silence:

"Ladies and gentlemen," said he, "permit me to exhibit to you two hundred pounds of Boston white sugar—rather short measure, to be sure. This is my wife—a real sugar plum—and she cost me in Boston just five dollars, the minister's fee. I have now fairly won the article twice, and propose to retain it undivided; but all who held tickets here may secure two pounds of white sugar from Mr. Purdy therefor; I have made all the arrangements with him."

Now for a season of hilarity. Cross old Dan Mullen actually danced a jig with Miss Prudence, but I must say this unseemly behavior grew out of the flip they both had drank.

Mrs. Thornton was soon introduced to all her new neighbors, and it was unanimously agreed that Matt had secured a wondrous big bargain in Boston white sugar.

C. R.

The Children's Page.

Take Away.

There were four little boys
  Who started to go,
From the very same spot,
  To make tracks in the snow.
He that made his path straightest
  They had in their plan,
Of all of the four
  Should be their best man.

Now, these four little boys
  Were Philip, and John,
And merry-faced Harry,
  And sober-eyed Don;
The best friends in the world,
  And full of invention
In play, but they seldom
  Were found in contention.

Well, they started together
  And hurried along,
But John, Don, and Harry
  In some way went wrong;
The fourth made his path
  Nearly straight, and they wondered,
When all tried alike,
  Why they three had blundered.

Then Philip replied,
  "The reason you see,
Though no harder I tried
  To succeed than you three,
I pushed for that oak,
  Going forward quite ready,
While you struggled on
  Without aim, and unsteady."

Now, you see, my dear boys,
  What such lessons teach.
If there is a point
  That you wish to reach—
A position in life
  At all worth naming,
If you gain it, 'twill greatly
  Depend on your aiming.

Written for The National Tribune:

Little Tim's Christmas Present.

You could scarcely guess, children, what it was Tim gave as a Christmas present, so I must tell you—it was only *a little red tin cup*, costing five cents, having on it the words, "To Alice." Miss Alice was a lovely young lady of seventeen, who attended the High School in the city of New York. Her father is a brave, true, honorable gentlemen; he was a colonel during the war of the rebellion and fought in twenty-eight battles. Well, poor little Tim lived in an alley back of the colonel's house, and very often he made his appearance in front thereof, just as Alice was starting out for school. He was just about eight years old, and having a winsome face and gentle ways, one day Alice felt attracted to speak to him. "Little boy," said she, "where do you live?" He answered politely. Then she told him to come in and see her that evening, which he promised to do. Promptly he came, and then the mother of Alice gave him a nice suit of clothes, which a dear little fellow who had gone to the better world had but slightly worn. In a day or two Tim, who before had but one ragged suit, appeared in a new one, and was then in a condition to attend school. Christmas rolled around, and on the eve preceding it little Tim made his appearance at the colonel's door and handed to the servant-maid a bundle in which was this tin cup. There was a letter, too, with it, which you must see, despite its bad spelling. Tim had just begun to write.

"DEER MISS ALIZ: I have to giv you my thanks. I send you a presant. You hav bin gud to me. I want to be gud to you. I maid ten sents sellen papers, an I tuk sum of hit an got this cup for you. God bless you, Miss Aliz. Yure frend, TIM MASON."

Miss Alice received many beautiful presents that Christmas, but she cherished none so much as that little red tin cup given by that poor little boy out of the few pennies which made up his whole fortune. He was determined to show his gratitude. This noble act of the little boy, together with the kind, affectionate letter he wrote, made a great impression on the father of Alice, who was a commission merchant in New York, and ere long he took the lad into his store as an errand boy at $5 per week. At night Tim attended evening school, and, as he was very ambitious to learn, he improved rapidly. A few years ago the colonel moved to the Sandwich Islands, where he cultivates a regular plantation. Tim is now a bookkeeper in New York at a salary of $1,000 per year. From this brief story, children, you will see how much Tim's success in life grew out of his gratitude exhibited in making the present of the *little red tin cup*.

C. R.

The Strange Kitten.

One pleasant summer day, when I was a little girl, I went to spend the afternoon with another little girl named Charlotte Berry. I wore new shoes and a new delaine dress, and my hair was braided in two braids behind and tied up with brown satin ribbons.

Charlotte lived around on another street, and her house had a very large yard, with plenty of green grass to play on, and trees to rest under. There was a wall on two sides of the yard, and when we climbed up to look over, we could see the blue waters of the cove and the fishing boats. There were blue bells and lillies of the valley growing in the grass, and a swing under one of the trees, and many other reasons why I liked to go to play with Charlotte.

She was a good-natured girl, with rosy cheeks, blue eyes and red hair. Her sister, Annie, who was younger, had dark eyes and dark hair, and her brother Joshua had red hair and a very freckeled face. Then there was their Aunt Barbara, who was very, very fat and kind-hearted, and whe wore a cap.

That afternoon, after Charlotte and I had played a little while with the dishes and dolls, we ran out into the yard, and presently roamed around by the back door, where we suddenly spied a little kitten gnawing at a fish-bone which some one had thrown out on the ground.

"Oh, what a little darling!" I exclaimed, and then we both began calling very softly, "Kitty," hoping we could catch it.

"Just at that time Joshua Berry came around the corner of the house. He was a teasing kind of a boy, and when he saw us trying to catch the kitten he ran up, exclaiming:

"What a mean old kitten! I'll throw a stone at it."

"O Josh, don't, don't!" we begged; but he did. He threw a stone at the poor kitten, who sprang desperately over the wall and disappeared.

"You're a bad boy!" I said, crying. "We *wanted* that kitty!"

"Let's go tell Aunt Barbara!" said Charlotte, and we ran into the house, and found the good, kind aunt sitting in her rocking-chair mending. We told her all our woes, and she said:

"Joshua is a naughty boy to tease little girls so. I'll send him off on an errand that willkeep him out of your way."

So she called him, and gave him an errand which would take him half a mile away, and keep him waiting there, too. He didn't want to go, but he had to, so he walked slowly off, looking back over his shoulder as he went.

Then Charlotte and I ran again to the back door and called, "Kitty, kitty!" very gently for a long time.

At last the little thing came timidly on the wall, and approaching it gradually and softly, we first stroked its back, and then took it down into our arms. Oh, how thin and light it was, and it purred in a pitiful, eager way.

We carried it into the house and showed it.

"Oh dear me, Charlotte," said Mrs. Berry. "We can't have that forlorn kitten around here! You had better put it right over the wall, and let it go home."

"Oh, let *me* have it!" I exclaimed. "I want it for *my* kitten."

"Will your mother let you keep it?" asked Mrs. Berry.

"Oh yes, I know she will," I said.

"Well, then," said Aunt Barbara, "I'll shut the poor little thing up in my room, so it can't run away, and when you go home you can take it along."

So she carried it up to her room, and Charlotte and I ran out to play again. It did not seem long before we were called in to supper. I remember just what we had—hot biscuit and honey, and little sweet cakes full of seeds.

After supper I said I must go home, so Aunt Barbara brought down the little kitten, which she had found asleep on her bed; and while I put on my things, she gave it a saucer of milk. Then I took it in my apron, and ran home to show it to my mother.

"Why, Mary!" said mother, when I held it up before her. "We don't want a kitten like that. We have a good cat already, you know."

"Oh, mother, it is so nice, do let me keep it," I begged. And she did let me.

At first we named it "Stranger," because it was a little stranger, but as it grew fat and pretty and playful, I changed its name to "Beauty." Then for a while called it "Tiger-Lily," but that was when it had grown up to be quite a cat. It was while its name was "Beauty" that I one day cut off a lock of its black and white hair, and did it up in a piece of tissue-paper, to remember my pet by. I laid it in a drawer of a small bureau, and there it is now to this day, waiting for my little girl to be big enough to have for her own, bureau, cat's hairand all.

Whenever I tell her this story she always jumps up at this point, and exclaims, "Mo *are* big enough *now*, mamma."

"How came you to be lost?" asked a sympathetic gentleman of a little boy he found crying in the street for his mother. "I ain't lost," indignantly exclaimed the little three-year old; "but m-m-m-y mother is, and I ca-ca-can't find her."

A small boy, boasting of his father's accomplishments said: "My father can do almost anything; he's a notary public and he's an apothecary, and can mend teeth; and he's a doctor and can mend wagons and things, and can play the fiddle; and he's a jackass at all trades."